

THE
PHANTOM.

*Somnia vana jacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
Silva gerit frondes, ejectas littus arenas.*

OVID.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. STAGG, in Westminster-Hall.
M. DCC. XXV.

THE

154776



Nichols fund

PHARMOM

Some time passed, but night fell.

OLIV



LOWE

Printed for J. S. McG. in New York - 1900
M.DCC.XXX

154776



THE
PHANTOM.

TO these our Days, from Days of Old,
What endless Stories have been told,
Of *Witches*, *Phantoms*, *Elves* and *Sprites*,
That play their Pranks, or walk o' Nights!

The *Witch* sublime, on Broom-stick, rides;
The prudent *Elf* his Three-pence hides
In Housewife's Shoe; or pinches hard
The snoring Slut — A just Reward!
Whence, neat and trim the Hearth is found,
Where *Fairies* dance their Midnight-Round.

But,

But, *Dairy-Maid*, in vain, may churn,
 When *Witch* does, with Resentment, burn;
 As sure she will, 'if once deny'd
 A Boon; or *Witches* are bely'd.

The *Miser*, gen'rous after Death,
 Though *Miser* to his latest Breath,
 Haunts, Nightly, his ill-gotten House;
 A *Husband* dead his mourning Spouse,
 Who, in fresh Weeds, begins a League,
 (Death to her Goods!) with brawny *Teague*.
 One would reveal his hoarded *Sums*;
 The *Other* in Compassion comes
 To Children dear — At Dead of Night,
 In Shroud and Muffler; hideous Sight!
 The Curtain drawn, behold him stand;
 And shake his Head, and wave his Hand.
 (As we have seen the *Royal Dane*,
 When he his Murther would explain)

Dejected

Dejected Looks bespeak his Care ;

He sighs, and dreadful cries — "*Beware!*"

But, when *Desires* the Heart assail,

What *Caution* can, alas ! prevail ?

The more the PHANTOM haunts her Bed ;

So much the more she stands in Need

Of some *Associate*, to relieve

Her Fears, and lonely Hours deceive.

And, thus resolv'd, pursues her Thought ;

Is wed, and to a *Morsel* brought.

When vain *Coquet*, mistaken Maid

Too long with faithful Love has play'd ;

Or *Female false*, for *Lucre*, sold

Herself, her Vows, her broken Gold ;

And laid in Grave some *constant* Youth,

Example sad of injur'd Truth !

Disturbing Dreams her Couch annoy ;

And dying Groans her Peace destroy.

Deep-rooted, Guilt her Bosom stains :
 " Out, Spot ! " she cries — The Spot remains.
 With Tears and Sighs, (all, all in vain !)
 She wishes he might live again :
 But, ah ! Repentance comes too late ;
 And lasting Torment is her Fate.
 A Midnight-Spectre wounds her Eyes ;
 In vain, for Help, to Friends she cries :
 " Alive, or Dead, Thou shalt be mine ;
 " Nor my just Claim will I resign,"
 It roars, and snatches her away,
 To vengeful Fiends a future Prey.

This to confirm, in *Print*, we view
 Examples dire — And *Print* is true —
 Who has not read the dismal Tale,
 How Sleep o'er Gossips did prevail ;
 When BATEMAN, who had lost his Life,
 For her, that now was JERMIN'S Wife,

A Spirit came, from Shades below,
 And bore her, swift, to endless Woe?
 Horror ! Ye shudd'ring Nymphs, behold,
 What Mischiefs wait the Thirst of Gold !

In Ruins, oft, or lonely Groves,
 A restless PHANTOM, pensive roves ;
 Something it wants ; but cannot break
 Its Mind ; and longs for You to speak.
 It smiles, looks kind, would have you know
 Its Grief ; that it to Rest may go :
 But if, through Fear, you Nothing say,
 Disdainful turns its Head away ;
 Still, must indulge its hidden Care ;
 And, sighing, mixes with the Air.

These, and a thousand Stories more ;
 By *Monks* contriv'd in Days of Yore ;
 And, by Tradition, handed down,
 Amuse the *Weak*, and fright the *Clerum* ;

As

As he, revolving every Tale,
Gropes his Way Home, from *Christmas Ale*.

But, *Woe* the Wife, who know the Cheat,

Can laugh at every fond Conceit,

Of *Spirits, Witches, Phantoms, Elves*

Nor judge from *Monks*; but for *Our-selves*.

We know, how idle Fancies range,

And harmless *Poets* to *Demons* change.

How, in Church-Yards, at Dead of Night,

The *Parson's Mare* becomes a *Spirit*;

And *Farmer's Heifer*, couching by,

Is made a *Fiend*, with *Saucer Eye*.

In short; 'tis Fear, by which the Mind,

To such Ideas is inclin'd,

And Reason, beaten from her Station,

Gives Ground to wild Imagination.

Yet; They, who bred in Towns have been,

Must, in their Walls, have frequent seen

A

A kind

A kind of PHANTOMS lightly swim,
 Like those that through the Grotto skim —
Like those, said I? — Ah! no; to name
 Comparison is worthy Blame.
 These are not form'd of simple Air,
Deceptio Visus; but they share
 Of ev'ry Element; and thence,
 Have Power to actuate every Sense:

Compound substantial, *Flesh and Blood*;
 That may be felt, and understood:
 Whose fragrant *Breath*, whole granted *Kiss*,
 And *Siren's Voice*, are fraught with *Bliss*.
 Dare but to clasp their nameless Charms;
 No Form aerial baulks your Arms.

This *various* PHANTOM, sometimes, *prays*;
 And, sometimes, shines at *Balls and Plays*:
 Makes *radiant Circles* round the *Ring*:
 Or goes to *Court* — To see the KING.

In *Masquerade*, the PHANTOM see !
 And hear it cry — “ *Do you know me ?* ”
 By which is evidently shown,
 Th’ *inviting* PHANTOM wou’d be known.
 (Note here ; With *Rules* It may dispense,
 When *thus* disguis’d, without Offence)

 When Skies are Cloudless, Bright, and Fair,
 And *Zephyrs* waft the Country-Air ;
 At Winter’s Noon, at Summer’s Night,
 It makes the Park Its chief Delight :
 Thro’ ev’ry *Visto* It will glide,
 With *Kindred*-PHANTOM by Its Side :
 It smiles, looks kind, and silent, shows
 That It has something to disclose ;
 Something, with which Its tender Breast
 Is, and must ever be, oppress’d ;
 ’Till some brave Man ask, *What it wants ?*
 And why these various Scenes it haunts ?

When,

When, thus, the valiant Knight hath spoke ;
 The PHANTOM'S free, th' *Enchantment* broke :
 Then, it will join Discourse, with Pleasure,
 And, in Reward, disclose a Treasure,
 Which does all other Wealth surmount,
 And no *Arithmetick* can count.

Nor need a Youth, with Childish Fear,
 Think the Attempt may cost him dear,
 In Pain, alas ! the PHANTOM Walks ;
 And, he relieves that Pain, who Talks,
 For Tyrant Custom (what is worse ?)
 Says — “ PHANTOM, ne'er begin Discourse.”

Ask It a Question ; 'Tis inclin'd,
 Ever, to give an Answer kind :
 Then, will the conscious Blushes rise,
 And Pleasure sparkle, in Its Eyes ;
 Nor Nature, deck'd in Pride of May,
 Shines out more Fresh, more Fair, and Gay.

But

But if the awkward, bashful Swain,
 Permits It still to walk in vain;
 If none dare whisper in Its Ear
 "What would the lovely PHANTOM Here?"
 Then, all Its Beauties will decay;
 Its rosy Bloom will fade away;
 All Its delightful, wanton Airs,
 Will soon give Place to wrinkled Cares;
 Then, it will smite; but from a Mind,
 Canker'd with Hatred to Mankind;
 Each Day, each Night, it will vex and pine
 And Its whole Life, to Toler, resign
 But, O! may PHANTOMS, Young and Fair,
 Such dire Misfortune, never, share!
 Soon, may They joy, in Sorrows past!
 Long, may Their Bloom of Beauty last!
 May ev'ry Youth advised be,
 And each blest PHANTOM smile on Me!